

SIGHTSEEING IN OPORTO

INTERESTING LANDMARKS OF THE OLD PORTUGUESE CITY.

Quaint Churches, Fine Clubhouses, and Other Architectural Attractions New and Old.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. OPORTO, Portugal, Nov. 2.—You may think it an easy matter to "do" the sights of a compact city of only 150,000—until you have tried it in Oporto and found more weariness of the flesh, and especially of the feet, than in any mountain-climbing you ever encountered. While the beautiful streets nearest the quay are wider, well built and comparatively level, most of the others are totally impassable for wheeled vehicles, being either too narrow or almost perpendicular, or full of deep holes and gullies, worn into the original pavement by the Goths and Romans and never repaired since their long-past day. Tip and down the stony alleys you toil, in the damp and chilly autumn weather, jostled off the foot-wide sidewalks by the motly throng, which regards you, if at all, with unfriendly stares as representatives of the dreadful nation of "Yankee peddlers" (pedras) of whom they have chiefly heard during the last year or two through the woes of their brothers across the Spanish border. At every step you are impounded by beggars in filthy rags, in whose outstretched hands you discern unpeppering probabilities of small change, and who, as white and black owners, with fawning lips and hair in their eyes, call upon Nossa Senhora and all her saints to reward you for misdeeds bestowed. Talk about following in the footsteps of antiquity! In this old city of eighty old churches are several whose foundations were laid more than a thousand years ago. The oldest building in Oporto is the chapel of Codo Feida, built A. D. 599, by the Visigoth King Theodemir, and still not altogether a ruin. Next in quaintness of architecture, though not in age, is the Torre dos Clerigos (Tower of the Clergy), a small church built about two centuries ago, the highest tower in Portugal—an odd, square spire of something over two hundred feet, which has served since time out of mind as a landmark for sailors far out at sea. The church of Nossa Senhora da Lapa, a fine Gothic edifice of ancient date, is best known to tourists who pass through the had pen which generations of tourists have perpetrated concerning its de-lapada condition. The great cathedral was a noble edifice away back in the dawn of Portuguese history, but has been atrociously modernized by nineteenth-century vandals. You may spend many pleasant and profitable days exploring these dim sanctuaries and tracing therein the earmarks of changing religions. Some of them speak of the days of Moorish supremacy, when the turbanned borders of Abdul Hassan overran the peninsula; others are Gothic, but brilliant, reign of Almansar de Cordova, which began in the year 50; others of the French and Gascons, whose turn came in 1565, and others of rollicking King John and the later and gentler Pedro.

SOME FINE ARCHITECTURE

There used to be an incredible number of convents in Oporto, but they were mostly destroyed during the memorable siege of 1811, which nearly annihilated the city and wiped out a third of its population, and others have more recently been appropriated by the government to secular uses. On the high bluffs to the east bank of the Douro stands the famous convent Da Serra, which at one time was said to be the richest in the world. The monastery of Sao Bento, beautiful beyond compare, with its wealth of carving, quaint arches and Moorish-Alhambra courts, was converted into barracks a few years ago, and now houses munched rations in the cloisters where monks mumbled their Ave Marias, while underlaid, under-foot Portuguese soldiers play cards in the long refectory and "cuss" with superabundance of h-s their hard lot of hunger and inactivity. One of the handsomest structures in Oporto is the archbishop's palace, situated on a jutting rock so high in the air that it reminds you of Mahomet's coffin, suspended between earth and heaven, and you marvel that it has not dropped off long ago upon the houses below. The archbishop's palace is not in high favor with his worshipful highness just at present, and it is useless to try to obtain an audience, but you may be graciously permitted to view the grand stairway, a famous work of art, which stands about third in the stairways of the world, reckoning that of the new congressional library of Washington at the head, which leads to the archiepiscopal apartments. Next in point of beauty, if not of costliness, is the English factory house, of white granite, with elaborately wrought facade. It comprises an immense scale all the appointments of an up-to-date club-house, with ballroom, refreshment hall, library, reading rooms, cardrooms, etc., and here the large but lonesome English colony spends its leisure hours. The new "bois," or exchange, once the magnificent scale all the appointments of an up-to-date club-house, with ballroom, refreshment hall, library, reading rooms, cardrooms, etc., and here the large but lonesome English colony spends its leisure hours. The new "bois," or exchange, once the magnificent scale all the appointments of an up-to-date club-house, with ballroom, refreshment hall, library, reading rooms, cardrooms, etc., and here the large but lonesome English colony spends its leisure hours.

PLACES WORTH VISITING

The Medical College, Academy of Navigation and Science, several other scientific and literary institutions, and a dozen banks and clubhouses, and daily newspaper offices, are all worth a visit. Nor should the great Dr. Mercator Hospital be forgotten; nor three or four other asylums and the sick, indigent and afflicted. Among the latter is the Foundling Home, with its swinging cradle in the rear wall, in which unwedded mothers may deposit their offspring, under the friendliness of darkness, sure that the poor little victims of fate will be received and cared for by the good sisters inside, and that no embarrassing questions as to paternal responsibility will ever be made. When the cradle in the wall swings around with its living burden it rings a bell, which summons the nun whose business it is to be always within hearing, and the little one is at once conveyed to the nursery. All the tiny cast-aways of Portugal, having no

names of their own, are given that of the bishop of their christening together with the name of the saint, or saintess, on whose day they were brought to the asylum; and so the reverend celibate is the foster father of several thousands, and his august name has become more common than Smith or Jones in the United States.

A CLASS IN JOURNALISM IN OPERATION AT A WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

The Guest Room from a Man's Point of View—Children and Books—How to Cook Quail—Fashion Notes.

The demand for news about college women has introduced newspaper work into their colleges, and at Mount Holyoke a journalism class has been started and is designed to train the young women in this line, says the New York Sun. The young woman who must join this class and all her copy must be submitted to the journalism instructor, Miss Stevens, before it sees the inside of a newspaper office. The instructor even decides what events shall be written up and the student must listen to these suggestions or give up corresponding. The newspaper which wishes to employ a correspondent has no choice in the matter, but must accept the reporter picked out by the journalism teacher. No student is allowed to join the journalism class until she is a junior, and the course extends through the senior year. The first year a newspaper is assigned to each girl to study in order to get its style and for it she writes short paragraphs. These news stories never see publication, of course, and are read only by the instructor who handles the story as an editor would the copy of a newspaper. In the second year the student finds great difficulty in "turning the story upside down," as one college girl expressed it, and putting what chronologically comes last first. The beginner in the class has to be told constantly that a beautiful conclusion is not needed for a newspaper story, and that her individual expression of opinion is worthless. Miss Stevens endeavors to make these hard facts understood in the first place, and after six weeks the student has learned to write a newspaper story in a bore to be dropped at the first opportunity. From writing short paragraphs the student advances to assignments, keeping in view all the time the paper for which she is supposed to write. The subject of the article is a topic such as a musical entertainment or fire, upon which the student must write something very like that of the "right little tight little lady" who makes the editor's happy day come stealing up the Douro at the turn of the tide, shutting off the landscape as with a thick veil within an inch or two of one's nose. The few Englishmen who have families here live on the breezy heights above the unhealthy part of the city, while the bachelor contingent inhabits the "Factory," a singular name, by the way, for so magnificent a club. There the male stranger within the gates is entertained right royally, while visiting ladies are taken care of by the English families on the hill-top. With commendable national pride, the first thing these good people will show you when setting out to "do" the town is a great double-decked bridge over the Douro, which marks the sight of the Duke of Wellington's famous passage of the river in the spring of 1810, when he surprised and put to flight Soult's army of double his own numerical strength. There are two rather handsome railway stations in Oporto, one sending a line to the foot of the eastern mountains via the frontier town of Valencia, on the Minho, and the other running up the valley of the Douro to Pizo da Raega, where it forges a junction with the Spanish road from Madrid to Paris, thus materially shortening the journey from Lisbon to the French capital. It is astonishing how much business is transacted in Oporto every day in the year. Aside from the manufactures which have given it the pseudonym of "the Manchester of Portugal," the royal tobacco works, royal soap factory and other crown monopolies there are manufactures of silk and cotton hosiery, of silk brocades and cloth of gold, lace, buttons, glassware, pottery, furniture, gloves and a dozen other articles, employing several thousand skilled workmen. Excellent linen is also made and exported, leather goods, ropes, sails and other things pertaining to the maritime trade, and the goldsmith's work of Oporto is famous world over. The export of "port" wine alone amounts to many millions a year. Next come oranges and oil, then grapes, lemons, onions, preserves and wool. English take the lion's share of all this, noting but in the least the stocks of America and only our codfish going to Oporto.

BRITONS IN OPORTO.

The large English colony of Oporto has a church and comes to the fore in the form of, large, Episcopalians. These exiled sons of Britain, who are the leading merchants and importers of the place, manage to make life enjoyable here in spite of the plague and the unpleasant climate, finding higher joys than the unwholesome part of the city, while the bachelor contingent inhabits the "Factory," a singular name, by the way, for so magnificent a club. There the male stranger within the gates is entertained right royally, while visiting ladies are taken care of by the English families on the hill-top. With commendable national pride, the first thing these good people will show you when setting out to "do" the town is a great double-decked bridge over the Douro, which marks the sight of the Duke of Wellington's famous passage of the river in the spring of 1810, when he surprised and put to flight Soult's army of double his own numerical strength. There are two rather handsome railway stations in Oporto, one sending a line to the foot of the eastern mountains via the frontier town of Valencia, on the Minho, and the other running up the valley of the Douro to Pizo da Raega, where it forges a junction with the Spanish road from Madrid to Paris, thus materially shortening the journey from Lisbon to the French capital. It is astonishing how much business is transacted in Oporto every day in the year. Aside from the manufactures which have given it the pseudonym of "the Manchester of Portugal," the royal tobacco works, royal soap factory and other crown monopolies there are manufactures of silk and cotton hosiery, of silk brocades and cloth of gold, lace, buttons, glassware, pottery, furniture, gloves and a dozen other articles, employing several thousand skilled workmen. Excellent linen is also made and exported, leather goods, ropes, sails and other things pertaining to the maritime trade, and the goldsmith's work of Oporto is famous world over. The export of "port" wine alone amounts to many millions a year. Next come oranges and oil, then grapes, lemons, onions, preserves and wool. English take the lion's share of all this, noting but in the least the stocks of America and only our codfish going to Oporto.

PHILADELPHIA RECORD.

A plump quail well broiled or roasted is a very delicious bird. The English do not keep quail or any chicken-like bird hanging round their houses, but they do at the same time as a white-fleshed little rigour of the muscles has relaxed. Epicures who believe they know do not always agree in this matter. To roast a quail, draw it carefully, and either lard it with butter or cover the breast or lay a thin slice of larding pork over its breast, trying it on with a cord. Lay the bird on its back in a dripping pan and put it in a hot oven for twenty minutes. If it is in a bowl, when the quail has been roasting ten minutes taste it with this butter and continue to roast for another ten minutes; if it is done, it ought not to take over twenty minutes, and may be done in less time, but it should not be served raw like a bird whose flesh is dark. It can be served with an onion and carrot, or while it has little favor of its own, brings out the flavor of the game, or it can be laid on a slice of toast. A broiled quail is always served on toast. Split down the back the birds which are to be cooked in this way, and wipe them well. It is always necessary to examine carefully any bird which is roasted, to see if there are any stray shot driven into its flesh. After wiping each one rub it with butter and serve it on a hot plate. Have a clear, steady fire, not too hot. Hold the birds near the fire for a few minutes, and then turn them over, being very careful that they are not singed; then turn them over again, and serve them on a gridiron and allow them to broil slowly with the flesh side down till well done and browned on both sides. Turn them over while on the other side. It will take about ten minutes to cook a quail through. Serve with a mixture of butter, onion and carrot, or simply serve it with sweet quail on toast and a slight garnish of parsley.

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Woman's Home Companion. To the child who opens his eyes to the deep truths of poetry, the forerunner of science, life looks simple and easy, and he learns to attach himself to duty before duty assumes that hard, complicated aspect which it usually presents later on. It is the child aware from the first to books, and in every book he finds a friend, an intractable child, rebellious against order because his nature is inharmonious with its own laws. Books themselves—mere print and paper—are only trash except as they are symbols of the life of thought and imagination. But in our day they are symbols almost inseparable from it. And so the child who naturally forms an early friendship for books shows that the trend of his mind is upward, along the higher paths of life. Let the advanced education of the child be such that he may follow them with anxiety through all their vicissitudes, works into the deepest recesses of our brain itself. If a child talks seldom of books, it is a sign that his mind is not being sometimes hidden a turbulent mental activity, and a shy exterior can conceal

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strange broodings. But an omnivorous taste, which is very common, should not be left without some subtle, unobtrusive.

The Guest Room.

The guest-room is likely to be occupied during the coming holiday, it may not be amiss at this time to present a brief consideration of it from a man's point of view. "The one place," says he, "where I find the things I want in the guest-room is when I go to stay with a bachelor who is keeping house. Almost every woman housekeeper has a most comfortable and desirable parlor of her guest-room, and then puts a bed and bureau in it. What I always want in one of these rooms is a hassock and a straight-backed chair, and, if possible, either a lamp or a table of the average spare room, not, of course, of the extra class. I am sure that a man's guest-room is reduced to a science, in this average spare room, too, there is usually one doorknob, and that is the one which is necessary in the home guest-room. One of Turkish towels, that can be readily laid down, is bought for a dollar and a half—a trifling outlay compared with its comfort to the visiting stranger. Search for the best writing materials, and bed-cane are other things that are not to be neglected. If the guest-room is not always provided, if every hostess would send her husband to the guest-room, the male visitors to that house would have great cause for rejoicing.

The Turkish Corner.

The Criterion. Now that the Turkish corner has invaded the East Side and no household is complete without it, the pioneers in that luxury are toning down the excess of draperies, cushions and accumulation of curiosities—so-called—into more artistic and tasteful arrangements. The Turkish corner, which has about it the hall-marks of the department store, the paid decorator or the fashionable hotel, as well as the corner which is used for the gathering up of "unconsidered trifles," from grandma's real India to Mamie's aunt's last year's shawl, is a room that has succeeded by a light and airy arrangement of divan, big, comfortable cushions and a rug, to make a room which is not only a place to be employed without rendering this cozy spot too heavy in appearance, too inconspicuous, but also a place where one can too manifestly an attempt to follow a prevailing mode without rhyme or reason. The Turkish corner is one of these corners in a popular studio in Fifth Avenue is that afforded by the corner of a long and thicker scroll work in a mold. The corner is a thing, color and grace are reflected in this overhead adornment, not alone the color of the silk and embroideries, but the beauty of the corner, for the corner is arranged, so that the graceful poses of natural ease and after-dinner indolence are faithfully duplicated in the best of the class.

Should Be More Like Her.

New York Tribune. Mrs. Mary E. Reed, of West Fifty-third street, "Mamma Reed," as some call her, has endeavored herself to many a bachelor girl and couple living in single rooms or apartments by her original method of catering by the week. She sends in a basket lined with a dozen or more layers of papers, and with layers of papers between dishes, a piping hot dinner for two, at any time ordered. She has regular customers, whom she serves by the week. Her cooking is the original delicate "down-south" kind, which many people have heard of, but few have seen. One dinner order is generally enough for two. "My last Sunday's dinner," said a bachelor friend, "consisted of consommé, broiled fish, turkey with dressing, gravy and cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, cauliflower, green beans, hot apple, tapioca pudding and ice cream. Who could want anything finer? It is something that I never see in any other place. The dinner was served in a basket lined with a dozen or more layers of papers, and with layers of papers between dishes, a piping hot dinner for two, at any time ordered. She has regular customers, whom she serves by the week. Her cooking is the original delicate "down-south" kind, which many people have heard of, but few have seen. One dinner order is generally enough for two.

Fashion's Fancies.

An important item of fashion this season, especially for the woman with limited means, is the fancy for dressy separate suits. What are these? They measure between two and three inches at the waist, and widen out gradually at the bottom, where they measure fully five inches. Skirts would measure between two and three inches at the waist, but the effect is always quite plain, making a very attractive and comfortable garment. Whatever the material of the latter may be, the chic thing is a fitted belt, which is a but in the case of the skirt, the belt is trimmed with a handsome lace. One bodice is made of a material which is very soft and crumpled, and the back a little above the belt, and rounding up to the bust in front in a shape around the edge and a high draped collar at the neck. The skirt is made of a material which is very soft and crumpled, and the back a little above the belt, and rounding up to the bust in front in a shape around the edge and a high draped collar at the neck. The skirt is made of a material which is very soft and crumpled, and the back a little above the belt, and rounding up to the bust in front in a shape around the edge and a high draped collar at the neck.

Odds and Ends.

Rumors of panthers are in the air once more, and their ugly heads ever do win favor again, the tiger lacing and long-pointed waists will follow in their wake. A good method of insuring the contents of a drawer against the invasion of a mouse is to leave a piece of camphor in the drawer. Camphor is particularly offensive to mice, as it is to moths and mosquitoes. The winter is to be decidedly a fur and velvet season. Entire gowns will be made of single wools, to remove all bulky effect, and skirts and hats of soft astrakhan—are the height of fashion. A very nice breakfast dish is made from potatoes and bacon, butter a large baking dish and fill it with layers of raw potatoes, sliced and seasoned with pepper and salt, and alternated with layers of thin slices of ham, which should be baked in a quick oven. When done, it should come out a solid cake, brown and crisp on the outside, and tender and moist within. Flowers may be preserved quite fresh for over a week by placing them in water in a single layer, and then covering the water with a glass. The water should be changed every day, and the flowers should come at least half way up on the stems. Let them stand in this until the water is clear, and then they may be dried. Cut off the ends of the stems and place the flowers in cool, clear water. Formerly it was considered a patchy-looking and in bad taste to wear two kinds of fur at once. Now a mixed arrangement of furs is in vogue, and the fur is worn with baby lamb or mink, chinchilla with blue fox, black marten with astrakhan, and so on. The fur is worn with astrakhan, and some of the befrilled cape show a union of three different furs on a single wrap, and these are very effective. A marked feature of present modes is the presence on every style of gown of the "V-neck" or "U-neck" or "J-neck" or "S-neck" or "O-neck" or "X-neck" or "Y-neck" or "Z-neck" or "A-neck" or "B-neck" or "C-neck" or "D-neck" or "E-neck" or "F-neck" or "G-neck" or "H-neck" or "I-neck" or "K-neck" or "L-neck" or "M-neck" or "N-neck" or "P-neck" or "Q-neck" or "R-neck" or "S-neck" or "T-neck" or "U-neck" or "V-neck" or "W-neck" or "X-neck" or "Y-neck" or "Z-neck" or "A-neck" or "B-neck" or "C-neck" or "D-neck" or "E-neck" or "F-neck" or "G-neck" or "H-neck" or "I-neck" or "K-neck" or "L-neck" or "M-neck" or "N-neck" or "P-neck" or "Q-neck" or "R-neck" or "S-neck" or "T-neck" or "U-neck" or "V-neck" or "W-neck" or "X-neck" or "Y-neck" or "Z-neck" or "A-neck" or "B-neck" or "C-neck" or "D-neck" or "E-neck" or "F-neck" or "G-neck" or "H-neck" or "I-neck" or "K-neck" or "L-neck" or "M-neck" or "N-neck" or "P-neck" or "Q-neck" or "R-neck" or "S-neck" or "T-neck" or "U-neck" or "V-neck" or "W-neck" 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